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powder require much care and patience to displace them. When quick-lime gets into the eye, the disorganization produced is so rapid, that the eye scarcely ever escapes. We are told not to apply water, which, by mixing with the lime, would cause it to be spread more generally over the organ; and therefore we are recommended to use oil. But oil is seldom at hand, and water, if properly applied, is the best remedy. The patient should be instantly laid on his back, the eyelids be kept forcibly distended, and a *full stream* of water from the strop of a jug or kettle be played upon the cornea, or clear part of the eye, (which it is of most importance to preserve,) till the lime is completely washed away from the organ.—I do not at present recollect any farther observations on this subject, which could be of service to the general reader; but, I shall take the opportunity of recommending to the young surgeon, that, when he is consulted in cases of ophthalmia, he should be well satisfied that the inflammation does not proceed from some foreign body in the eye. Should this be the cause of the inflammation, all the washes, leechings, blisterings, &c. which he may prescribe, will not remove the complaint. They may palliate, indeed, but will not cure. It is sometimes difficult to detect foreign bodies so situated, on account of their minuteness, and semi-transparency. It has happened too, that a patient has been teased with many applications, and with consultation after consultation; and at last the whole complaint has been discovered to proceed from a small hair, growing out of the coats of the eye, or of the *caruncula lachrymalis*—that little, projecting, red fleshy mass which lies in the inner angle of the eye. But bodies of comparatively large size, have sometimes lain concealed for a long time, and put the patient to great torture. A clergyman in Scotland passing through a hedge, fell; and was confined for a long time afterwards, with violent inflammation of one of his eyes. It was at length ascertained that a piece of a twig, half an inch long, was lodged under the upper eyelid, at its uppermost verge.

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#### THE MAN OF THREESCORE.

I know a man whose years have reached threescore,  
 Whose eyes are faded, and whose locks are hoar;  
 Whose heart the pangs of secret grief hath known—  
 He once was wealthy, but his wealth is gone;  
 Whose memory broods o'er joys that are away—  
 His bosom friend is withering in the clay.

This widowed man, whose years have reached  
 threescore,  
 Whose eyes are faded, and whose locks are hoar,  
 Hath comforts yet for his bereaved mind—  
 Even sons and daughters dutiful and kind;

And comforts too by holier hands bestowed—  
 His soul reposes on the word of God.

I love this man whose years have reached three-  
 score,  
 Whose eyes are faded, and whose locks are hoar;  
 And now it is the highest wish I know,  
 To stay his coming years, to sooth his wo,  
 To cheer the evening shades of life that gather  
 Around his drooping head—**HE IS MY FATHER.**

W. K.